ROBIN REAST

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



THE ROBIN.

Away, pretty Robin, fly home to your nest,

To make you my captive would please me the best,

And feed you with worms and with bread:

Your eyes are so sparkling, your feathers so soft,

Your little wings flutter so pretty aloft,

And your breast is all cover'd with red.



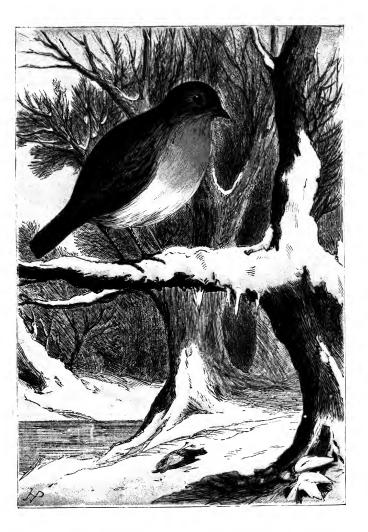
- But then, 'twould be cruel to keep you, I know,
- So stretch out your wings, little Robin, and go,

Fly home to your young ones again;
Go listen once more to your mate's pretty
song,

And chirrup and twitter there all the day long,

Secure from the wind and the rain.





- But when the leaves fall, and the winterwinds blow,
- And the green fields are cover'd all over with snow,
 - And the clouds in white feathers descend;
- When the springs are all ice, and the rivulets freeze,
- And the long shining icicles drop from the trees,

Then, Robin, remember your friend.



With cold and with hunger half-famish'd and weak

Then tap at my window again with your beak,

Nor shall your petition be vain;

You shall fly to my bosom and perch on my thumbs,

Or hop round the table and pick up the crumbs;

And need not be hungry again.



ROUTLEDGE'S THREEPENNY TOY-BOOKS,

WITH SIX COLOURED ILLUSTRATIONS,

PRINTED BY KRONHEIM.

MY FIRST ALPHABET THE OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE LITTLE BO-PEEP MOTHER GOOSE THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS THE BABES IN THE WOOD JOHN GILPIN NURSERY RHYMES THE FARM-YARD ALPHABET OLD MOTHER HUBBARD JACK AND THE BEANSTALK THE THREE BEARS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT MY MOTHER MORE NURSERY RHYMES THE DOGS' DINNER PARTY THE CATS' TEA PARTY A, APPLE PIE

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